

PEACE NEWS

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2d.

GEO. M. LI. DAVIES
describes

Methods of "Barbara-ism"

*They all were looking for a king
To smite their foes and lift them high
Thou camest—a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.*

THE popular Messianic expectations of Twentieth Century Europe are hardly less crude than those of First Century Palestine. The popular figures of Northcliffe and Bottomley of England, Clemenceau of France, Lenin and his doomed colleagues of Russia, Mussolini of Italy, Hitler of Germany, may some day seem more appropriate in Madame Tussaud's exhibition than in any European gallery of Heroes. In hard facts, as collected by an American Commission, the costs of the last war, to say nothing of the feelings, were:

Killed, 10 million; Citizens died, 13 million; Wounded, 20 million; Prisoners, 3 million; Orphans, 9 million; Widows, 5 million; Refugees, 10 million.

Such nightmare holocaust and tragedy could only have happened in a generation enslaved by aboriginal errors of method, drugged by irresponsible ideas of power, and doomed to inevitable disaster. Mankind cannot go on in this way and expect to survive. Only another radically different conception of strength and power can save men from the conflicts of impersonal forces and show another way of meeting enemies and oppressors.

*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast
Thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies,
that Thou mightest still the enemy or the avenger.*

It was some comfort in the winter of 1920 to live in a shepherd's cottage in the Nant Ffrangcon pass, the wildest of the glens of Snowdonia. The loneliness of the mountains, the deserted road at night, the rocky peaks, the clear-shining stars, the homely talk of cottage folk, the daily tasks of cutting gorse for the fire and carrying water from the stream—were a refuge after the prison years and the blind conflicts of the great Powers.

It was then that Barbara came. I had read that a thousand German and Austrian children had been brought to England to save them from starvation, and I had mentioned the fact to my farmer neighbour.

Henry Jones was not a man of abstract principles;

after discussions on politics, he would scratch his head and say "It is all very puzzling"; but when I spoke of these children, he brightened up and, to my surprise, said at once "I think we ought to take one; I'll speak to Nelly".

In ten minutes he returned; Nelly had agreed; an application was sent to London, and a week later a letter came to say that Barbara, aged ten, would be despatched from Euston and arrive at Bangor at 6 p.m.

* * *

For some reason I was not able to meet her and delegated the duty to a friendly minister who spoke German. When I called at his house at 10 p.m. he exclaimed excitedly "Well, she's come." He described his anxiety as the London train rolled in, with no sign of the little foreigner, until the tall silver-braided Guard had appeared holding a small girl, labelled for Bangor, by the hand, exclaiming "Can't speak a blessed word of English or Welsh"; but he had found a language the child could understand; a large box of chocolates was tucked safely under her arm, and the small girl and the big man seemed on excellent terms.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the minister presently. We crept upstairs and he quietly opened the door of the bedroom. In one bed was his own little fair-haired daughter; in the other, a strange child, her hair black against the pillow. In the candlelight we stood watching this small forlorn foreign figure, our hearts beating queerly. I would have gone hard with our pacifism if any hand had been raised against her. We were in the presence of two things that fill the heart with awe—the stars above and the moral nature of man.

The breakfast table was a holy communion. The children not only said grace but looked it, as they whispered to their mother "Give her more jam", or as they proffered the dolls they had dedicated to her. I left the minister and his children to escort her to her mountain home.

* * *

The Valley seemed very different in the harvesting of the Long Meadow. We could see the children tumbling about in the haycocks. Jones was telling

me of his adventures with Barbara, how he had bought a shilling "Guide to German" and how she had laughed when he had tried to speak it. It was a bit puzzling to know how to care for her Catholic faith, but she had elected to go with the other children to the Welsh mountain Chapel and the village School; it all seemed to be working out quite naturally, only that Barbara was fast losing her German and speaking Welsh entirely.

As we were chatting, we saw her run across the hayfield to Robert Thomas the old shepherd, throw her arms around his legs while the old man patted her head and then took her hand to come in to tea. We watched silently. "There's the Gospel" said Jones.

And so the year went by with all its pageantry of winter, spring and summer, and all the games of the children, the hymns sung by the kitchen fire, the shearing of the sheep and the bleating of lambs. Somehow it seemed at that time that the dark peaks above showed a more assuring steadfastness, and at night

*The stars with deep amaze
Looked down with steadfast gaze
Bending one way their precious influence.*

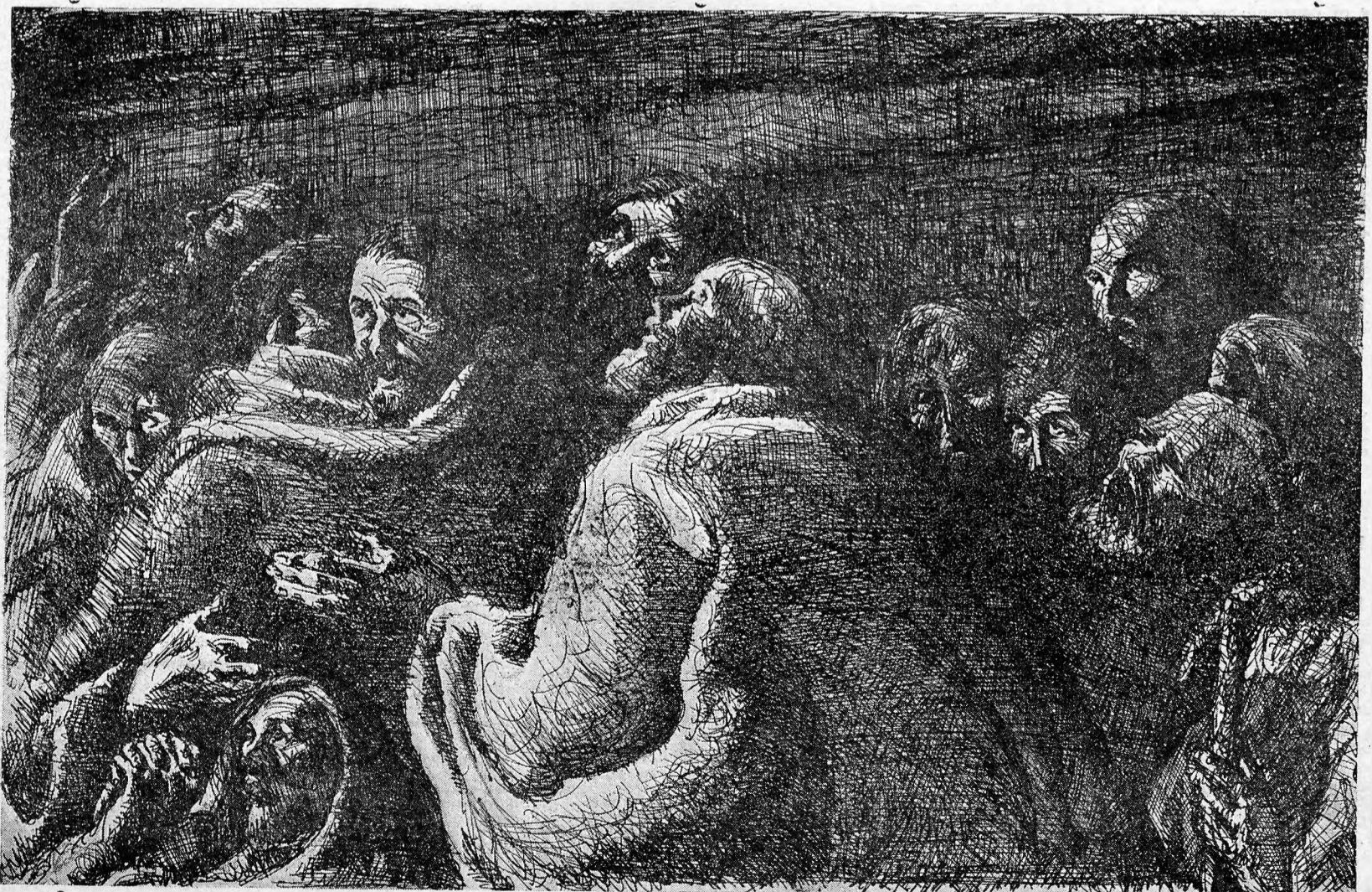
Jones has never forgotten it all; nor have I. Somewhere in Vienna is one Austrian woman, now with little ones of her own, who will never forget; and every policy and propaganda will fail to convince her that the British are her natural enemies—for the heart has its reasons of which the head knows nothing.

In the present presumptuous sin of Kingdoms, of totalitarian schemes for New Orders, or Atlantic Charters for the whole world and in the daily Chess Board play between the black and white squares, checking the Kings, and sacrificing the pawns, it is well to remember the play and the rule of another and abiding Kingdom.

*Most dear to them that seek her,
Most good to them that know,
You may not count her armies,
You may not see her King,
Her fortress is a faithful heart,
Her power is suffering,
And soul by soul and silently
Her shining bounds increase
And her ways are ways of gentleness
And all her paths are peace.*

ARTHUR WRAGG portrays

"That moment when the disciples realized the implication of Christ's teaching"



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God and the Child

THE pitiful array of starveling toys in the small shop-windows tugs at the heart. "The blessed word 'utility' is unknown in the toy departments," says a writer in *The Observer*. Why, in heaven's name? Are not Christmas toys—real Christmas toys, penny ones on the kerb, and sixpenny ones in the window—necessary? Could we grown-ups not all have foregone something or other, surrendered one or two of our coupons, to make the joy of Christmas a reality to the children?

I was not blessed with many toys as a child. My parents had a hard struggle when I was small. But to flatten my nose against the fabulous window, to turn over and over in my mind how my clammy shilling should be spent before I entered in and was lost to all discretion—this was an indescribable joy, and an indescribable agony too. The memory comes back to me with a pang. For what will my similars do now? Why flatten their noses against these barren windows? Have they 25s. to pay for a rag-doll?

When I grew up and lived abroad I used, at this blessed season of Christmas, to visit the church in a sequestered Mediterranean village. There would be set out a beautiful little model of a cowshed, with the Virgin and the Wise Men, and the Oxen; and in the manger, a baby Jesus. I loved it, for its own sake; but still more I loved to watch and listen to the children who came in to see. They stared at it, wide-eyed and with bated breath, and then at last one would whisper: "Qu'il est beau, le p'tit Jésus!" "Isn't he lovely, the little Jesus!" And while the dim light touched the spangle of the suspended tinsel stars, a beatitude enfolded us.

Jesus the child; Jesus the friend of children. It has always seemed to me that what makes the teaching of Jesus utterly incommensurable with that of other sages and seers is the place he gave to children, "whose angels," he said, "do always behold the face of the Father." The child is in perpetual contact with God. The grown man loses it; that is the penalty of consciousness and individualization. And the very inmost core of the teaching of Jesus is that men must regain, in full consciousness, the contact with God which they unconsciously enjoyed as children and lost as childhood passed from them. That is the meaning of the parable of the Prodigal Son: that is the heart of the great and simple mystery of the Fatherhood of God.

Well, well—men seem to have lost all contact with God today; with God the Father, who is the Christian God, anyhow. If even a million people in every warring nation really believed what they say: "I believe in God—the Father," such a movement for peace would arise as must needs be irresistible: such a surging of the aching, swollen hearts of men to forgive and be forgiven, as only those know who love and have quarrelled with those they love.

If such a word, the word of hungry, eager, unashamed love, were spoken by one warring nation so that the enemy could hear—do we not know, in our hearts, that the response would be instant?

Alas, the word will not be spoken. Men have lost contact with God who alone puts such words into their mouths. For men are in touch with God only when they are indeed his sons. Then prayers for victory are like ashes in their mouths, and thoughts of retribution cannot even enter their minds.

As a nation we are far from that condition—further from it perhaps than we have ever been. Yet we could, if we would, keep some sort of contact with God through the children. They are his, though we are not.

J.M.M.

Dr. ALEX WOOD on

BY "The Christmas miracle" I do not mean the Incarnation, the Word made flesh; I do not mean the opening of the heavens, the song of the angels, or the guidance of the star. I mean something more concrete, more directly verifiable—the contemporary miracle that happens annually to you and me.

At the Christmas season we are different. Our friends cannot help noticing it. We notice it ourselves. As Christmas Day approaches, the spirit of good will begins to take possession of us. We may affect to despise it or we may even vaguely resent it, like old Scrooge, but it is there; and on Christmas Day it bubbles over.

The people we pass in the street mean more to us, and we greet the milkman and the railway porter and the man across the road with a new warmth. Even the more disagreeable among our acquaintances seem less unattractive. The guests we have invited because they were lonely and we were sorry for them somehow make good in their own right and we enjoy their company because of what we find them to be and not because we feel virtuous for having asked them.

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And certainly other people are different. The miracle has worked on them too.

And it is all so spontaneous! We do not approach Christmas in the spirit of good resolutions about Christmas. We never think of saying to ourselves

A PACIFIST COMMENTARY

IN a broadcast speech, after his return to Africa, Field-Marshal Smuts made it clear that the point of chief danger, in his view, was the German submarine-warfare. For reasons of its own the press has soft-pedalled on this subject; but that the pre-occupation was not personal to Smuts was plainly shown by the Minister of Agriculture's announcement that one million extra acres would have to be ploughed for harvest in 1943. On top of this comes the statement by the Canadian Minister of Munitions that "Allied shipping losses in the war are more than double the tonnage built as replacement" (*Sunday Chronicle*, Dec. 13).

Probably that is not quite so alarming as it sounds. It is certainly not incompatible with the vague but general impression that new construction now exceeds losses. Whether that widespread impression corresponds to the facts the Government neither confirms nor denies. But it is clear that the new developments in N. Africa must have greatly increased the demand on tonnage. The situation would be eased if the Mediterranean passage could be opened.

At the moment of writing comes the announcement that Rommel is in full retreat from El Agheila. Whether or not that is a consequence of a further battle and defeat, or of a decision to consolidate the Axis forces at the Tunisian bridgehead, it would appear to be a necessary step on the way to the freeing of the Mediterranean.

U.S.A. Not Committed

THE warnings I have repeatedly given against the easy assumption that the USA will be "with us" after the war are now being endorsed by the press at large. Herbert Agar, the American editor, is the very opposite of an isolationist. Ever since the war began, in Sep. 1939, he has been one of the foremost and most courageous advocates of American intervention. Yet even he drives home Senator Vandenberg's and Senator Taft's warning that the American nation is not committed even to the Atlantic Charter.

The Senators were not saying that the Atlantic Charter will be disregarded, or that a separate peace is conceivable; but they were reminding the world that the international commitments made by the President alone are subject to reconsideration by the Congress at a later date. In other words, if we assume a post-war reaction into isolationism, there is nothing to prevent such a reaction from finding expression in national policy at an early date. Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt or the members of his government can say or do today can bind the people if later they turn against the policy of world-collaboration (*Observer*, Dec. 13).

Everything, in short, depends upon the American people. Unless they have been brought to the conviction that they must accept full responsibility for keeping the world in order,

THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

"Now I really must make a bit more effort to be nice to people this Christmas." If we make resolutions at all it is about the time after Christmas.

No! Christmas is not associated with painful efforts to be virtuous, it is associated with a pleasant feeling of surrender to a spirit under the guidance of which we and others become for a short period our true selves, and behave according to our true nature.

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Is not this very significant? The gospel of Christmas is not a call to practise a higher ethic in our own strength.

It does challenge us with a higher ethic, and it does call us to accept the challenge, but what we attempt is only one side of the picture. The other is what God can accomplish in us when our own self-sufficiency is killed, and when we have realized that all our self-assertive, feverish activity gets us just nowhere.

It is well that we should be reminded at Christmas that it is not true that "It all depends on me." It is in meekness and humility that we receive God's Christmas gift. "I live," said St. Paul, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

EDITED BY "OBSERVER"

The Chief Danger

Presidential desires and solemn Presidential commitments to that effect are null and void.

Anti-Rooseveltism

THUS we are reduced to our own judgments. Will the American people react into isolationism after the war? On the whole my judgment is that they will. I cannot forget that Britain herself reacted into isolationism after the last war. If isolationism is possible behind a 20-mile English Channel, it is practically certain behind a 3,000-mile Atlantic Ocean. And the undoubted fact is that those American observers who are most anxious that the USA should not withdraw from responsibility for ordering the post-war world grow perceptibly more pessimistic.

Mr. Spangler, the new national Chairman of the Republican Party, has refrained from comment on foreign policy, and contented himself (and his party) by saying: "My job is to build up an army of voters in the United States to defeat the New Deal." Anti-Roosevelt is not, in strict logic, the same as anti-post-war-collaboration. But in fact it is almost certain that it will turn out to be the same. Economic (and therefore political) post-war collaboration of the kind desired by President Roosevelt and his followers would give a solid foundation for the New Deal. There was a prospect of "priming the pump" indefinitely by a glorified lease-lend to the teeming Orient. Alistair Cooke has little doubt that anti-Roosevelt is now the same thing as isolationism.

The wind seems to be settling so clearly in one quarter that there is no sense in not reporting to the English the general taste and smell of the political weather. As the old-guard Conservatives take positive control of the Republican Party machine, the President's party begins to feel the bleak east wind in its bones (*D. Herald*, Dec. 12).

Evidence?

IT is difficult to appraise the veracity of the Note of the Polish Government charging the German authorities with the deliberate mass-murder of hundreds of thousands of Polish Jews. The charges may be true. Equally, they may not be true. Part of the statement reminds one of the Corpse-Factory of the last war. After saying that 250,000 Jews were deported from the Warsaw Ghetto and sent to three "extermination camps" in trucks so overcrowded that many died on the journey, the account continues:

"It is reported that on arrival in camp the survivors were stripped naked and killed by various means, including poison-gas and electrocution. The interment of the dead was effected by means of machinery in mass-produced graves (*M. Guardian*, Dec. 11)."

What is a mass-produced grave? What is this machinery? I am prepared to believe that the Germans have been guilty of terrible barbarities towards the Jews; but this document arouses deep suspicion in me. I would not condemn a single man, still less a nation, on its unsupported evidence.

YET the responsible press and, still more important, the Archbishop of York have apparently accepted the statements in the Note at their face-value. Surely, it was the duty of an Archbishop to suspend judgment. However much he might believe that the proven brutality of the Nazis towards the Jews made it probable that they would not shrink from the enormities with which they are now charged, it was surely incumbent on the holder of his exalted spiritual office not to speak on the assumption that the new charges have been proved.

His Grace is an apostle of retribution; but only of just retribution for proven crimes. These crimes may be proven, but they are not proven yet. The Polish Government describes the information in its Note as "fully authenticated". That rubric comprehends all the information subsequently given, including the passage quoted. Yet the document continually reverts to different language: "It is reliably reported..." Then it says: "The reports (of mass-murders) were confirmed again and again by reliable witnesses." Now these reliable witnesses must be available. Why not, in a matter of such moment, have them interrogated before an English judge?

Typical of War

THE virtual suspension of the course in Arts at the universities, now enforced upon them, is a sign of the times. In consequence of this deplorable decision, as the Headmaster of Winchester writes in *The Times* (Dec. 14), "We have to face a period during which boys, into whose hands great responsibilities will fall after the war, will be debarré altogether after 18 from those disciplines which seek to encourage free and well-informed thought upon great issues, religious, political, social, and economic: for that, and nothing less than that, is the aim of all wisely conceived Arts courses."

If ever there were a time when education of the fundamental kind—that is, education into a capacity for responsible decision on the right ends of human living—was absolutely imperative, it is now. Granted the trend of the age, these many years, has been away from education in the "humanities" and towards education in the applied sciences, that is only a reason for apprehending that the perilous significance of the present decision will be appreciated only by the few. Nevertheless, for those who are sensitive in these matters, it is typical of the essential barbarism of total war.

Eastern "Problem"

GLIMPSES of truth do appear in the newspapers; but one learns to seek them in the obscurer places. On the book-page of the *Sunday Times* (Dec. 13) appeared a review by Rebecca West of "Little China: The Annamese Lands," a book on Indo-China by Mr. A. H. Brodrick. After quoting Mr. Brodrick's even-handed judgment of the French administration, Rebecca West says:

"Mr. Brodrick alarms us by pronouncing that the Annamese have a secondary preference to self-government, that 'Orientals would rather be harshly or inefficiently governed by other Orientals than sweetly and efficiently ruled by Europeans.'"

But Miss West reassures herself (and the literary editor) by adding "But almost certainly the Japanese have by now made the Annamese feel differently about that." Miss West then evidently felt that her "almost certainty" was not quite. Her next sentence is: "Nevertheless, there is a problem to be dealt with here." She makes no attempt to deal with it.

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The Spirit of Mr. Scrooge

GENEROSITY AND THE WAR

By Vera Brittain

WITH the great majority of human kind, generosity is not a spontaneous quality. Like graciousness, it is a virtue created by discipline, the fruit of a long struggle with natural self-absorption and the acquisitive instinct.

"That's MINE!" cries the small child as soon as he can talk. He has to go a long way towards adulthood before he understands why something which is indisputably his should be given away.

Many adults—like great Powers in the world of international politics—never outgrow the stage of "That's mine!" In their attitude of possessiveness towards wives, husbands, children, homes and bank balances, they remain infants whatever their chronological age.

In his famous story, "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens gave us, in Mr. Scrooge, the portrait of one of these infantile adults. But Mr. Scrooge was not only ungenerous towards his acquaintances; he was a miser, and therefore niggardly even towards himself. It required the combined efforts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet to Come, to cure the meanness of Mr. Scrooge.

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WE have been accustomed, with Dickens, to regard Mr. Scrooge's transformation as a spiritual triumph. Meanness, in peace time, is one of those qualities which we least admire in others, however strongly we may be tempted to indulge in it ourselves.

But in the present war the spirit of Mr. Scrooge is not only tolerated but officially encouraged. The halo of a patriotic blessing is conferred upon the meanness of the mean, while a disapproving frown is too often reserved for the generosity of the generous.

The Ministry of Fuel supports those hotel-keepers and landlords who cut down their visitors' lights, fires and baths, and commends those employers who expect a sound day's work from assistants shivering with cold in dimly lighted offices.

The Ministry of Food forbade us to give away our rations, thereby encouraging us to keep for our own use even the food-stuffs which we do not require.

The Petrol Controller endorses our instinctive desire to drive past the forlorn hiker struggling along in the rainy black-out after the last bus has gone, lest we should use a drop or two more petrol in going out of our way to take him home.

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EQUALLY determined upon economy, the Paper Controller keenly approves those acquaintances, known to us all, who every December carefully explain to us: "I'm not sending out any Christmas cards this year. Really I'm too busy—and it's a foolish custom anyhow. It's time it was stopped!"

The Board of Trade is similarly well pleased when we decide that we can spare neither the cash, coupons, nor materials for Christmas gifts. "DO NOT SPEND!" What injunction could be better suited to our diminishing incomes, our overloaded time-tables, our natural disinclination to make an effort.

Behind all these government departments stands the Treasury, giving its approbation even to those forms of miserliness which threaten the amity of international relations.

Individuals with sources of income in non-sterling countries—whether in the form of investments, or of professional remuneration which has

never been British in origin—must bring these monies home or risk the penalty of a ruinous fine. Not a dollar may be reserved for gifts to friends, repayments to benefactors, or subscriptions to charities or societies overseas.

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BUT the prohibition of reciprocal generosity is carried even further than this.

The other day, going into a large bookshop to buy Christmas presents for the foster-parents of my son and daughter in America, I was regretfully informed that an "order" had been issued forbidding the sending of books (which were exempt from a similar "order" last year) as gifts to friends in the United States.

Not even a token return is permitted for two years of ungrudging hospitality, for school bills, clothes, food, medical attendance, not only willingly but enthusiastically provided!

Such an order cannot but have the most adverse effect upon Anglo-American friendship, both now and after the war. Not one American in ten is likely to understand the force and significance of a Treasury order; it is upon the individual that judgment will be passed. To the last-war reputation of this country as a national repudiator of its debts, will be added a black mark for its peculiar tendency to rear ungracious and ungrateful citizens.

The cost of gifts to perhaps twenty thousand friendly families would not have amounted to the price of more than a few of those bombs which we lavish upon our enemies, and the money would in any case be spent in this country.

Would it not have been worth while to permit this expenditure in order to cement those friendships, begun by our children, upon which international relationships in the last resort depend?

• ABOVE THE AVERAGE •

EVERY organized form of human life acts on us in two ways: it levels up our worst and it levels down our best. The kind of courage involved in living above the average is indispensable to great character.

Government, for example, is simply the organization of a general human average into a machinery of power: it forces those who are below the average to live up to it or suffer the consequences. But it also tends to force those who are above the average to live down to it or else suffer the consequences.

For this reason the prisons of history have been filled with two kinds of people; the worst and the best.

The death cell in Attica had in it the scum of Attica, but also Socrates, the wisest soul in Greece. The jail in Philippi had in it the scoundrels of the countryside, but Paul, the apostle of Christ, was also there. Bedford jail was filled with debauchees, but there too John Bunyan dreamed "The Pilgrim's Progress". And Worcester jail contained the riff-raff of the country, but George Fox too, father of the Quakers and a man of peace. Even in our day it has not always been easy for governments to be sure when they are locking up our saints or our sinners.

For always there have been two ways of falling foul of a human government: one by being a rogue; the other by being a prophet.

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The double activity of human averages should be impressed on Christians every time they think of Calvary.

Three crosses stood on Calvary. On two of them hung robbers; on the third hung Christ. The Roman Government, like all organized forms of human life, disliked two kinds of people—outlaws who were below the level, who would not live up to it, and saviours who were above the level and would not live down to it.

We may well ask ourselves where we would have stood with reference to Calvary—below the average with the outlaws condemned by the general body of public opinion; on the average with the multitude, whose organized public opinion slew alike robbers and Christ; or above the average with Christ himself. Only if we had been with him, it would have meant living above the level and ahead of the time.

People call themselves Christians and often mean by it no more than the dead level of respectability. Such discipleship could hardly have contented him who said "What do ye more than others?" and who himself, rather than live down to the level, went to the cross. In the intention of Jesus, to be a Christian obviously involved being above the average and ahead of the time.

What is finer in history than a soul that is not for sale?

from "Above the Average", by
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

The STUBBORN HOPE

by
MARY GAMBLE

THE bells no longer ring out into the Christmas sky because a babe is born. A few weeks ago they shattered the false calm of an English Sunday morning ringing to celebrate "victory"; sounding the death knell of thousands of English, German, and Italian boys done to death in the deserts of North Africa.

The bells which from time immemorial have honoured the birth of a child are silent. It would seem that death is more important than life. And indeed it is fitting that they should be silent in a world of total war.

But Christmas is coming; it is nearly here. No edict of Dictator or Prime Minister, no Government Regulation can alter the fact that Jesus was born.

The prices are soaring in the shops; there seems a strange disinclination to sell us any goods. There are no extra sweets for the children, and the cost of toys is well nigh prohibitive.

On all sides we are enjoined to strict economy. The Christmas pudding will be a pale ghost of its former self. The fire in the hearth will be small, and only for the very favoured few will turkey grace the table.

Many hearts are heavy with grief, and many more burdened with anxiety. But December 25 will still be Christmas Day. And although the Churches, by their refusal to renounce war, have so lamentably betrayed their Master, many will flock to their altars in the frosty dawn: many simple men and women who know in their hearts that Jesus was the Prince of Peace.

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Why am I so certain that nothing, not even the bloodiest war the world has ever known, can destroy the spirit of Christmas? It is not because of the appeal of excitement, because of the busy rush of shopping, or because of the longing in most people to "have a bit of fun" amid the dreariness of a darkened world. My conviction is based on something much more profound.

There is a flow of life in men and women which nothing can stem. It finds expression in the desire to live in spite of all, and sees in Christmas the festival of life, believing that because Jesus lived there is some hope.

It is difficult to discern the glimmer of that hope at the moment. Sometimes I wonder if it was not better two years ago when the German planes were throbbing overhead and thousands spent Christmas Eve in the shelters. At least the nearness of war proved its horror and desolation.

Because we cannot hear the planes roaring across the Mediterranean, or the bombs dropping on Italy, or witness the agony of Russia; because the horrors of the African Campaign are blurred by the word victory, is there not a sense of complacency abroad? And facile talk of a complete defeat of Germany, followed by a bigger and badder Versailles, which makes me cold with fear.

But doggedly, stubbornly, the hope persists. Our captains and our kings are too engrossed in war to remember the manger. We do not know where to look for our wise men. Most of the shepherds are scattered abroad, and the angels are no longer visible; but, for those who are not blind, there is still the star.

IF ARCHBISHOPS WERE ARCH-BELIEVERS

A very unauthorized draft for an Archiepiscopal
CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

My Dear People,

Another Christmas arrives with no angels to be heard, for angels cannot sing to ears that are so unready.

Even at this season there is no peace on earth, and no seeking for good will. Still we take it upon ourselves to utter the judgments of Him who alone is good.

Our nation and our allies and clients are the just, and other great peoples we condemn as entirely evil. The union of other multitudes in their convictions and in their readiness to die for their faith is nothing to us.

Those millions we intend to starve and batter and terrorize into subjection to our will. When they submit they are to be dominated as we would not be dominated ourselves. For decades to come, they are to be our moral inferiors, and subjugated.

My people, what sinlessness is ours that we should set ourselves so high and be so implacable? The enemy nations have cruelly taken territories not their own. Whoever understands life in the spirit of our religion knows such violence to be wrong. But no hatred of their evil can be a substitute for doing right ourselves.

We plead our sacrifices for war; but so do our enemies. If we would not stand as hypocrites before that conscience through which all men are children of the Eternal, humbly we must be true to thoughts and deeds that are above and different from any acts of war.

Our enemies justify themselves by our own history.

They say that when our fathers found our island too narrow, they plotted to deepen the divisions of Europe, and encouraged and subsidized European wars, and then took the colonies of the European nations made helpless by those wars.

In this manner, they assert, the people of British stock, though but a small minority on the earth, gained a quarter of the world.

They add that we of this generation have not been content to fence in this heritage for exclusive British advantage, nor to disregard the poverty in lands, material resources and standards of living of peoples more numerous than our own. Beyond all this, they continue, we have sought to take their trade, cripple their growth and undermine their security.

Dear people, I know these to be words of malice, and I do not ask you to accept one word that is untrue, or (still more deceitfully) is half true. We can remain proud of those our fathers who with enduring courage went peacefully overseas, and led this nation to lands which others could have occupied and did not.

We are not so guilty. But are we guiltless? When we are condemning and punishing others, especially must we examine ourselves.

There is something we must confess. It is not now that our fathers conspired to weaken this rival and that and take what was theirs. It is not that during my own lifetime we have set our machine guns against spears and arrows, and thereby have added lands to lands, and from the conquered have recruited cheap labour for our estates and mines.

Heavier is what we have left undone. We have kept all that came to us, and are fighting for it; and never have we used the intelligence and honesty that God has given us to translate into appropriate terms our Lord's unmistakable bidding to share with the poorer, in the spirit of his love for the Father of all men, and in the equity of his love toward all.

My children, it is not my business nor that of the Church to overturn

or invent political systems.

Of the political aspects of imperialism, capitalism, socialism, communism, democratic world federation, or other systems as methods of organization I say nothing here. It is sufficient that we are to be as gentle as doves and as wise as serpents.

Exercise your wisdom as you will, but in gentleness. You know the Christian faith: that war is of passions for which we kill yet have not; that righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace; and that love, joy, peace, are the fruits of the life-giving spirit.

But for what fruits are we sowing now? It is a trifle, though of meaning, that we can no longer give toys to our children at Christmas or feast

our friends; for such things are but straws in the whirlwind of slaughter and misery.

The threat that war will break up government, and shatter European civilization amidst agonies of rage and massacre, comes even nearer. In all this there is less of valiant enterprise than of sin, and scourings from God. Is there no awful voice sounding from the heavens, Repent, or ye shall all likewise perish!

I dare not speak of love; but I do call you to peace.

I pray for an armistice, and for commissions of the most skilled peace-makers that our distraught world can supply.

More immediately, I beg on my knees that you will expel from your minds the devils of arrogant self-righteousness and killing enmity, and make peace now, in your hearts, trying to find honourable agreement with our enemies, as we want them to live in peace with their neighbours and with us.

Along no other way can I see this harsh and barren night break, as it should break, in silvered hope for our children and us, and for our children's children. . . .

P.R. *

Peace - Mindedness

The former Bishop of Kalgoorlie, and of Mauritius, now assistant bishop of Dorking, Dr. Cyril Golding-bird, wrote the following letter to the Daily Telegraph (Dec. 2).

A FACT which is not, perhaps generally realized or its implications fully perceived is that what is chiefly inculcated into the minds of youth at present is war-mindedness.

Under the conditions in which we live this is almost inevitable. But is it sufficiently taught that this war-mindedness must be definitely considered an abnormal, temporary, and horrible necessity?

Surely, Sir, side by side with the entirely proper effort to prepare youth, if the terrible need arises, to play his or her part in the defence of that which makes life itself worth while, there should be an effort to make it clear that peace-mindedness is the ideal. This, as it seems to me, can be done only by continually emphasizing that the waging of war is a very dreadful, though at present necessary, means to an end—the end being to give peace to the world.

In years to come it will be the part of the youth of today to preserve that peace. But the mere statement of this fact is not enough. The method of its preservation must be taught. How often is youth told that no peace will endure except one built on the foundations of universal brotherhood of service and sacrifice?

Given the universal acceptance of this brotherhood there could be no wars and there could be no social injustice. If all this is true, should not such teaching be more generally given now?

BEHIND THE FACADE

By WILFRED WELLOCK

IT is highly significant that Mr. Churchill's declaration on imperialism, that "we mean to hold our own", and the Government's banning of controversial legislation, should occur precisely at the moment when panic is beginning to seize the possessing classes as the result of a sudden realization, in a momentary prospect of victory, of the magnitude of the world economic changes which the war is effecting, and when the Beveridge Report, the contents of which were known to the Government, was about to be published.

It has recently been borne in upon the mind of British business interests that although the United Nations may win the war, the United States will dominate the peace, and that American Big Business will dictate policy in those portions of the world which are not under Fascist or Communist control. Hence the alarm that is now spreading in high places, the warnings, the promises, the schemes and blue-prints that are emerging therefrom.

Reactionaries who have hitherto insisted that our sole aim should be to win the war, and that all discussion of post-war policy should cease until it is won, are now unable to discuss anything else. Whereas they had pictured themselves sliding into the comparative security of 1939, they now see the possibility of Britain becoming economically isolated after the war, and her privileged classes marooned on some desert island.

OTHER FEARS

Nor is dollar control their only fear. There is the political Left, and the mental reaction to adverse social conditions of the millions of young men and women who have been called upon to sacrifice home, vocation and all their future prospects, in order to serve in the war and to win a better world. What is to be done?

The Federation of British Industries stands in dread of the financial and economic power of the United States, and so is against Anglo-American co-operation. It sees no hope in the Atlantic Charter, or any escape from the pre-war international dog-fight for the world's markets.

Other business groups, like the 120 signatories to the report: "A National Policy for Industry", believe that by good, large-scale organization and more daring and enlightened policies, capitalism can meet the needs of the post-war world.

They recognize that want and unemployment will not be tolerated after the war and that if capitalism does not abolish them, iconoclasm or revolution will result. So they promise big improvements in housing, education, factory conditions, Trade Union states, insurance against sickness, ac-

cidents, holidays, unemployment, widowhood, and old age.

"THIS SIDE OF PARADISE"

On the other hand, Sir Patrick Hannon, in his presidential address to the National Union of Manufacturers last month, suggested that this report might "become a grave embarrassment to our economic future", that it "attaches burdens to industry which in my humble judgment industry this side of Paradise can never discharge." He also predicted the

absolute certainty of industrial impoverishment at the close of the conflict. . . . The international economic position of the United Kingdom after this war will be profoundly more embarrassing than it was after the last conflict.

The Atlantic Charter is also a source of anxiety to Sir Patrick, who wants to know what will be the fate of the Ottawa resolutions? He pleads for an understanding with the United States and other United Nations in order to insure that Britain will have its fair share of the world's markets!!

If we are to assume the continuance of the capitalist system, Sir Patrick Hannon is justified in saying that the promised reforms in "A National Policy for Industry" will not be realized "this side of Paradise".

British capitalists have never understood the principles of their own system, that the consequences of the gap between production and consumption which it inevitably produces, and which manifests itself as an ever-growing volume of surplus commodities as world production increases, are: unemployment on an ever-extending scale, social unrest, class-war, monopoly, aggression to secure monopoly over markets and raw materials, world wars, and, finally, the dividing up of the world into a few large economic units under the control of rival ideologies and dictatorships.

FOUR CONCLUSIONS

From a survey of the proposals which various capitalist organizations have recently made public, I draw the following conclusions: (1) That in no case will a change in the social structure be tolerated. (2) That given the continuance of our class-based society, there is strong support for an advanced social programme. (3) That what is tantamount to a system of Corporative Industrial Councils is coming to be recognized as the only basis on which

capitalism can function henceforth.

(4) That Britain's chief hope of replacing the markets she is losing in one way and another in this war is in the industrial development of the East, in particular India and China.

Any proposals in the Beveridge Report, or in any other scheme, which involve a change in the social structure will be ruled out.

As to the rest, the view is now spreading that to raise the general standard of living is good business. But the question arises: Will capitalism in the conditions of the post-war world be able to guarantee the 1939 living standards, let alone improve them?

In view of the failure of Western capitalism to distribute its production, what are the grounds for believing that it will be able to distribute the production that would result from the industrialization of India and China, with their 800,000,000 aggregate population? Has the industrialization of Japan solved any world problems?

WOULD AGGRAVATE EVILS

All increased world production on a profit-making basis can do no other than aggravate the evils which have brought about the collapse of democracy and of the spiritual values upon which it rests, during the last thirty years.

Within a few months of our sending machinery to India and China, our exports of such commodities as it made would fall. But would not the increased purchasing power of the Indian and Chinese people create a demand for other products of ours? Possibly, but only for a time, since every country endeavours to cater for and absorb whatever new purchasing power it creates.

The decisive fact, however, is that profit-making industry cannot avoid the gap between production and consumption, which, incidentally, is at its widest where labour is cheap. That gap can only be closed by changing the controlling motive of industry, and thereby the very structure of society.

Even were the State to intervene to pump purchasing power (social credit) into the social system, it would necessitate the multiplication of controls whereby capitalism would be superseded by totalitarianism and iconoclasm.

Let the nation take warning, therefore. Either we now decide to give up the whole process of profit-making and seek to found a civilization upon spiritual and human values, or we pass into a regime which will destroy even more of our fast dwindling rights.

Fear and panic are taking possession of the privileged classes. Reaction is grasping at all the controls, and so far is triumphant. Our job is to speak peace unto the people—with hand as well as voice.

GO TO IT! NORTH LONDON REGION presents

NORTH LONDON PLAYERS in THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

by Jerome K. Jerome
the play produced by
Leslie F. Pitt, L.R.A.M.
in the Theatre of the Guildhall School of
Music and Drama,
John Carpenter Street, E.C.4.

on Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3 p.m.
Tickets: Stalls 2s.; Balcony 1s. 6d.
Admission by ticket only. Obtainable from
P.P.U. Endeavour St., London Area Office
and Nellie Harby, 74 Ingleton Rd., N.18.

THE basis of the Peace Pledge Union is the following pledge which is signed by each member:

I RENOUNCE WAR AND I WILL NEVER SUPPORT OR SANCTION ANOTHER.

The address to which new signatures of the pledge should be sent, and from which further particulars may be obtained is:

PPU HEADQUARTERS,
Dick Sheppard House,
6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

DICK SHEPPARD HOUSE

By Stuart Morris

THOSE of us who have the privilege of working at Dick Sheppard House would like to take this opportunity of sending a Christmas greeting to all readers of Peace News, and of giving some description of the House.

The house would probably be described by an estate agent as "a desirable freehold property, semi-detached with all modern conveniences and situated in a quiet street in the centre of London close to the principal railway stations and in good position for shops and some of the most famous squares."

That it was desirable to obtain the freehold so that the PPU could really possess its own Headquarters is, I think, generally recognized, and, if professional advice is correct, the value of the site ought to appreciate rather than otherwise. It is "semi-detached" because the property on one side has been pulled down as a preliminary to a more ambitious building scheme after the war. It may well be that this part of London will become less residential and increasingly used for office purposes. We are already conveniently near Friends House, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the National Peace Council offices.

We were advised that the house itself is in reasonably sound condition structurally—and it has certainly stood up well to the effects of land-mines and bombs which have fallen inconveniently close. That it could do with some paint is true, but we thought that matter should be left at any rate until we had actually secured the house. We hope that the Dick Sheppard House Fund will not be exhausted when the loan has been repaid, but that there may be a balance which can be kept in reserve for necessary repairs and decorations.

WHERE THE WORK IS DONE

The building consists of five floors and the basement. In the basement is the boiler-house, a room for George Pennington (our indispensable caretaker) and a stockroom which Peace News now rents under the new scheme to "warehouse" the stocks of literature etc. Going from one extreme to the other, the top floor consists of one large room which is the centre of PSB and PSU activities. Jack Carruthers and his assistants work here and it is used for the interviewing of those who come up about jobs etc., and for the secretarial work in connection with Pacifist Service.

On the next floor are two rooms. One is used by Alan Staniland, the Office Manager and Publications Manager, and the other is shared between Accounts and Records. Here Frank Middleton and Kathleen Slaytor keep the books, send out the receipts, subscription reminders, appeals etc. Muriel Boldero and her full-time voluntary assistant, Miss Shepherdson, are in charge of the Record files and the day-by-day work of recording new signatories, resignations, changes of address, sending certificates of membership, or preparing lists of signatories for checking by Groups etc.

C.B.C.O. OFFICES

The floor lower down is given up entirely to the work of the C.B.C.O. who rent the 5 smaller rooms it contains.

The second floor has four rooms. In the front there is the typists' room where Daphne Kiek and Norah Riesco work. Next to this is the office of the Development Officer, where Albert Tomlinson is to be found when his work does not take him out into the country to visit Areas and Groups. The third office is used by Roy Walker and, latterly, by Howard Whitten, and so has seen much of the activity connected with the Food Relief Campaign and the Indian Freedom Campaign etc. At the back is a larger room which is used both as the office for the General Secretary and as a meeting-room for the Executive and other Committees.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR

On the ground floor is one large room divided into two by a counter. This is used for the purpose of a bookshop and also of reception. In the back half Eileen Ager attends to the telephone switchboard and also does all the odd jobs, such as cyclostyling, and lends a hand to Ken Sheppard who is responsible for the bookshop, sale and despatch of literature, etc. The front half of the room is used as a reception room where inquirers can be directed to the appropriate department, or visitors can be welcomed and find a comfortable chair. The National Council also meets in this large room.

At the back is a "garden" which is mostly concreted over and provides the possibility in

essential information:

What Gandhi Really Said

A series of extracts from the last issue of HARIJAN before his arrest including his letter 'To the Japanese.'

AN IMPORTANT PAMPHLET AT A VERY LOW PRICE

1D (post free, 2d.) from The P.P.U. Dick Sheppard House, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

Christmas & Conscience

by

W. J. GREWAR

"Give us this day our daily bread." In these words Jesus taught us to pray.

WHEN I was a lad I used to think those seven words the least important in the Lord's Prayer because, like the children of Britain and America today, I had in my young days a full abundance of food. When I came to years of understanding and read of famine in the land—in India, in China—then these words began to linger in my mind.

* * *

Three or four months after the Armistice of November 1918, Mr. Winston Churchill stated:

We are holding all our means of coercion in full operation or in immediate readiness for use. We are enforcing the blockade with vigour. We have strong armies to advance at the shortest notice. Germany is very near starvation. All the evidence I have received from the officers sent by the War Office all over Germany shows first of all the great privations which the German people are suffering and, secondly, the great danger of a collapse of the entire structure of German social and national life under the pressure of hunger and malnutrition.

In April 1919, the International Commission of Dutch, Swedish, and Norwegian doctors reported as follows:

Tuberculosis, especially in children, is increasing in an appalling way and, generally speaking, is malignant. In the same way, rickets is more serious and more widely prevalent. It is impossible to do anything for these diseases; there is no milk for the tuberculous and no cod liver oil for those suffering from rickets.

* * *

Only the other night I visited a friend who had a small baby daughter. She was chubby and full of life, well nourished and full of smiles. You have a friend, no doubt, of whom you could say the same. As I looked at the child the memory of these words crept into my thoughts: "The babies were like small monkeys, nothing but skin and bone. They were wrapped in pieces of sacking" ("I Hate Tomorrow"—H. Greenwood). Also these words describing the children of Vienna in 1919-20:

I cannot describe those sufferings to those who have not seen them. One boy, a child of nine or ten, had the face of a man of seventy, full of unspeakable suffering and patience; his arms and legs were only bones, partly covered with skin, but the larger part not at all covered, completely sore and skinless. (Quoted in "Humiliation with Honour"—Vera Brittain).

Remember the words "There but

VICTORY BELLS

Ring out the bells,
Ring a thousand knells
For the countless dead;
For yours and mine,
And the enemy dead
Death has written
The Victory scroll.
Toll, toll, toll.

Chime out your thanks
For the conquering tanks,
For the blood-stained sand
Of a corpse-strewn land;
Chime yet again
For the bombing 'plane—
Have no fear,
They cannot hear—
They are dead—dead—dead.

ETHEL MANNIN

fine weather of a small badminton court—if there was ever time to use it as such! But there really is not—for what must be a very inadequate word picture comes to life and, from 9.30 each morning till 6 p.m., presents a scene of busy activity.

We are working without any margin of staff at all, and it is true to say that we ought to contemplate increasing (and certainly could not decrease) the staff if we want to maintain the service which the Movement has the right to expect from Dick Sheppard House. Our watchful Treasurer feels that he cannot sanction any additional expenditure at the moment. Indeed if the work of PSB, Records, Accountancy, Development, campaigning, and general administrative and committee work is to go on, we shall have to look for increased help from the Groups through the Areas in the coming year.

SEE THEM WORK!

Do you remember the automatic machines which used to adorn the piers of holiday resorts and provide amusement for children who could drop their pennies into the slot and see the figures work? Dick Sheppard House is not exactly an automatic machine and the figures in it certainly do not work merely for a cash consideration! Yet without your money the work cannot go on, and Dick Sheppard House would cease to be the service to the movement that it should be.

May I hope, therefore, that this has been sufficient to give you some picture not only of what Dick Sheppard House looks like but of those who work here and what they are trying to do in co-operation with you, so that you may feel that you know both it and them until you can come and see for yourself.

for the grace of God go I"; and remember, too, how easily we may alter them to "There but for the grace of God goes my child". Matthew writes:

And they brought little children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was greatly displeased, and said to them: Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God. And he took them up in his arms, laid his hands upon them and blessed them. But he who shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Now these are terrible words, giving reason for grave thought.

And the shrunken starved body of

a little child shall lie before the judgment seat of the nations, and the Judge shall say: "Who is guilty of this sin?" And the nations shall reply: "We are."

Again, the shrunken starved body of a little child shall lie before the judgment seat of the individual—you and me—and the Judge shall say "Had you food and abundance?" And our reply must be "We had."

Turn your thoughts to the recent Lord Mayor's luncheon in London and recollect the words uttered by Mr. Winston Churchill "I am, I hope, a humane man." Think also of your own table and of your food store and perhaps like Mr. Churchill you, too, can say "I am, I hope, a humane man."

Are you or I "humane men" while we allow countless children to starve in innocence while we wallow in the evil of war?

Letters to the Editor

Owing to the large number of claims on our severely limited space, correspondents are urged to keep their letters very brief, and preferably under 250 words.

The People's Choice

I WISH Mr. Wilfred Wellock could

be induced to accept what is the fact, that new worlds are relative things and not absolutes definable in terms of the political aspirations of himself or any other man or party. In regard to the limited aspirations of the overwhelming majority of our fellow-countrymen (who do not share Mr. Wellock's political discontents) there is no doubt whatever that a new world will emerge from the travail of the present war and that the reformatory legislation which will certainly ensue from the Beveridge Report will be the instrument of its implementation.

In so far, then, as a promise of a new world was ever made conditional upon victory in this war, there seems no present indication that the peoples of the winning side will be tricked.

But is it true that such a promise was in fact the inducement which prompted the people of this country to embark upon war? I think not. What the overwhelming majority of our fellow-countrymen conceived to be the purpose of the current war was the overthrow of Nazism, which was held to be a force disruptive of an old world overwhelmingly regarded (a million unemployed and Mr. Wellock's honest discontent therewith notwithstanding) as, by and large, tolerably satisfactory.

In short, peace was sought and its instrument was the paradox of war. But the bitter logic of war is that you must not only get your enemy down but keep him down. So to do is a tremendously costly process, known by most responsible governments to be wholly incapable of accomplishment.

It follows, therefore, that the relatively more easily accomplished achievement of a "new world" is in fact the great swindle of this as of all wars. Following upon the compromise peace which may be anticipated at any time now, our people's choice will be between consolidating what will be represented as "victory" by the permanent subjugation of the late enemy on the one hand and acceptance of the Beveridge "new world" on the other. The ordinary man (poor devil), being no better than he should be, will be prompted by the desire to better himself to choose the latter.

From this choice will spring the certainty of the next war, since it is itself both a provocation of the international envy from which all wars spring and a means of robbing the choosers of the only means yet known to them of countering such envy—unceasing preparation for war.

As I see it, only two schools of thought face these facts: Vansittartism and Pacifism. The utter immorality of the former will, I am sure, always be too repellent to too many for its final acceptance, so that all hope must lie in the pacifism our movement is now creating for wider dissemination by the pacifist press we are founding: a press which must always think in terms of the "other man" and not, as Mr. Wellock appears to do, in terms of quite possibly fallacious political creeds.

THOS. B. SANDERS

136 Elgin Rd., Ilford.

Armistice Campaign

I am disappointed that the PPU is not more united in agreeing to an armistice campaign now. Surely we should all see that it is our duty to work and plead with all our heart to persuade people to stop the war now.

I do believe we would get a great deal of support, remembering what the war means to those who suffer at home: to mothers and wives, the partings, the breaking up of homes, the loneliness, the ever present dread, the still ache of hope deferred, the sharp pain of hope extinguished, all this and more. The full tale of war's misery it is beyond the power of human imagination to conceive. Surely nothing that entails such suffering can be worth while. Never forget too that war provides an outlet for every evil element in man's nature.

No, the PPU must try to stop this war, before it is too late.

HAROLD BELL.

25 Harcourt St., Gorse Hill, Stretford.

Pacifism & Politics

THE provocative leading article in the issue dated Nov. 27 touches a point which is of primary importance.

I suspect that the label "non-violent communist" might with justice be applied to me and to many others of my acquaintance. I admit to a certain confusion and I should welcome the opinions of those who have settled the problem of incorporating pacifism in a constructive political policy.

Let me outline very briefly the steps which led me to my present position.

The causes of war may be divided into two broad classes: psychological and economic. The first of these is to a large extent a product of the second, and there is little hope of a quick solution of its problems. Our attention is therefore concentrated on the second, for a solution of the economic problem seems more immediately practicable and would go far towards solving the psychological.

Socialism offers a solution. The Labour Party is untrustworthy, as indeed are all constitutional parliamentary parties. The Communist Party is more dynamic and seems less likely to be caught up in the parliamentary machine.

There are many points to admire in Soviet Russia, such as educational reform and cultural activity. The theory of communism at least is based on equality and freedom. The less attractive features of the Soviet regime might be explained by the difficulties besetting a young socialist State in a hostile world with a huge population of little education, political or cultural. The terms of the new Soviet constitution as set out in the Webbs' pamphlet are democratic and worthy of admiration. They represent a step forward.

Thus a position is reached where a political theory seems to offer a faith, an integrating principle, but for the great stumbling block of violence. The result is naturally confusion.

Pacifism is not enough. It must be allied with some constructive programme of social and economic reform. To await the coming of "socialism by consent" offers little consolation. To await the "change of heart" necessary to make pacifism practicable is equally hopeless. It is therefore easy to see how attractive is a short cut that would remove the conservative bias from the educational and propaganda institutions.

It must be clear that the difficulty of fitting pacifism into a practical policy of reform is the strongest obstacle to the acceptance of pacifism by people for whom it is a rational philosophy rather than a religious faith. Help us to resolve this problem, for it is the most important one that faces us to-day. Many of us are being forced into a sort of cynical detachment which is profoundly disturbing.

DOUGLAS GILCHRIST

129 John St., Glasgow C.1.

Venereal Disease

Regulation 33B cuts at the roots of justice. It admits the informer as an authorized figure; and a couple of informers can bring to the lowest degradation of compulsory physical assault—I use the word advisedly; it is called examination—a possibly innocent person and a British citizen, man or woman. 33B, moreover, sets at naught the law of libel and makes it a dead letter. Secret informers are encouraged to make statements, possibly false or mistaken, which in other circumstances would be gross libel or criminal slander. It opens the door to blackmail.

We all share the horror of venereal disease; it is one reason among others why some people are pacifist. And the one sure safeguard is undermined by the false sense of security given by such regulations as 33B. Let justice stand and ignorance go. Full understanding of personal danger, still more, of future hideous damage to others, wives and unborn children, would be a clear deterrent. Open ventilation of this dread scourge is the only sound prophylactic. 33B is, on the one hand, a snare to the victim, and, on the other, a denial of established rights of law to British citizens. Urge that it shall go!

E. B. ROSS

18 Tavistock Ct., W.C.1

C.O.s' Rights Safeguarded

DURING the second reading of the National Service Bill (which provides that boys of 17 years and 8 months may be registered and medically examined), Mr. McCorquodale (Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour), in reply to Mr. T. E. Harvey, who asked whether the rights of young men in regard to conscientious objection and postponement on hardship grounds will be maintained up to their 18th birthday, answered: "Yes, and beyond that, if necessary, right up to the time of the student's enlistment notice, if the circumstances demand it."

The committee stage and third reading were largely occupied with debate concerning the fact that the new extension of conscription will virtually close all art courses at Universities from June, 1943. It was stressed by many members that this would mean a shortage of trained teachers after the war, and would render impossible the much publicized plans for improved post-war education; despite many requests, the Board of Education had nothing to

OVER THE £4,000

CHRISTMAS, 1942. I thank all the readers who have so steadily and generously supported our Fund during the year.

Though there are moments when the future looks black indeed to me, the stubborn spark of faith cannot be quenched. But the building of a society for which war is an unthinkable activity is a long, long job—an unceasing effort at educating ourselves quite as much as others. To maintain and develop this effort we shall need all the help you can give.

The example of the donor of a post-war income-tax credit to the Peace News fund has been quickly followed. A reader has made over a credit for £20. Yet another reader has presented us with the money received for the iron railings removed, against his wish, from the front of his house for war-purposes.

Contributions since Dec. 7: £21 17s. 6d. Total to date: £4,005 1s. 10d.

THE EDITOR

Please make cheques etc. payable to Peace News Ltd., and address them to the Accountant, Peace News, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

say on this subject, and the Bill passed the House of Commons on Dec. 9.

John Wray, who (as stated last week) was prosecuted at West London police court on Dec. 10 for repeated refusal to register under the latest fire watching Regulations, was fined £5 or one month's imprisonment. He refused to pay the fine and has gone to Wormwood Scrubs prison for one month, where he has been five times before as a C.O.

ADVISORY BUREAUX

Bromley (covering Bickley and part of Downham).—Victor J. Burch, 86 Portland Rd., Bromley.

Cornhill-on-Tweed individual adviser.—Roland D. Courtney, Etal Rhodes, Etal, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

Guildford.—Ted Ballard, 14 Artillery Ter., Guildford. (All C.O.s welcome at Friends' Meeting House, Ward St., first and third Monday of every month at 7.15 p.m.)

Hounslow (covering also Feltham, Bedfont, Whiston and Isleworth).—Austen Smith, 165 Bulstrode Av., Hounslow.

Rushden individual adviser.—A. H. Wakefield, Chalkwell, Newton Bromswold, Rushden.

CANDIDATE'S PEACE PLEA

Saunders Lewis, the Nationalist candidate in the Welsh University by-election, has stood from the beginning of the war for an early peace by negotiation.

Let Famine Ships Sail!

FURTHER light is thrown on the memorandum presented to the Government by the Famine Relief Committee by a note in the E. Standard, Dec. 4.

The scheme asks for navicerts for ships now at Lisbon, and it is known that the International and Swedish Red Cross are ready to supervise distribution. The United States and Canada have promised to provide dried milk. "Gunshot" capsules of vitamins A, B, C, D, and G can be easily packed for distribution allowing one capsule daily for each person. Eight hundred million vitamin capsules—a year's supply for Greece and Belgium—would weigh 240 tons.

(This does not mean, of course, a year's supply for the entire population of these countries, but what the Lancet, Nov. 28, calls "the minimum of these commodities necessary to maintain the lives of children under the age of 16, of expectant and nursing mothers, and invalids.")

Of conditions inside Greece, The Times diplomatic correspondent reported (Dec. 4) that

although the food supply is far from satisfactory and last winter's enemy-created famine has left a cruel legacy of ill-health, there has been an improvement. There is further confirmation of the news that both Germans and Italians had released some food stocks for the benefit of the Greek population.

The Sunday Times, Dec. 6, corroborates this in reporting that "both Germany and Italy are trying to improve the Greek economic situation, still described as 'very difficult.'"

The Review of the International Red Cross describes the operation of what the Christian News-Letter (Dec. 2), which quotes from it, calls "the very limited relief it has been possible to bring."

Issari, May 1942.—The old town crier went out with his bell: "Tomorrow, Friday, everyone must be at the Church of St. Nicholas for food distribution." At long last the day of resurrection dawned. The human stream flowed towards the church—men, women and children carrying sacks and baskets. About ten o'clock a feeble but

excited voice cries: "Here they are!" Immediately all the "skeletons" are on their feet. Hands automatically make the sign of the cross. The truck rumbles up, and people get out of it. The president of the commune makes a speech, and then the distribution begins and goes on till six o'clock in the evening. Next day all the baking ovens in the villages are alight, and with their smoke the prayers of all who have been saved from certain death rise to heaven.

The Christian News-Letter comments that in spite of the fact that most people in the large towns now receive five ounces of relief bread each day and five hundred thousand receive daily soup, the death rate in August was still rising among children. "Fats, without which health cannot be maintained, are almost impossible to procure."

Of Belgium, the same Letter states all the help that can be given by neutrals has already been given, and it is distressing that our country has no part in it. What is being done reaches only a minority of the children whose health, and even survival, is threatened.

VOICE OF 7,000 MEN

A Radstock reader has succeeded in getting before the TUC a resolution in which "the Amalgamated Society of British Railway Vehicle Builders... trust that our Ministers of State will do their utmost to co-operate with any country that is prepared to send food" to "the people of Greece, Belgium, etc." Our correspondent "felt that the voice of 7,000 men was a much more effective way of helping than dropping a shilling in the box and forgetting the current horrors."

NEW FOOD RELIEF COMMITTEE

It was decided to form a Famine Relief Committee for Stretford and District at a meeting representative of local churches and political and cultural organizations, which was held in the borough on Dec. 4 under the auspices of the Stretford and District Famine Relief Campaign. The local clergy were well represented, the Rev. T. Dale, Methodist Minister, being in the chair.

The aim of the Committee is to endeavour to arouse public opinion in the district to the gravity of the famine problem in Europe, so that it may bring pressure on the Government to allow food relief, under neutral control, to the peoples of the Occupied countries.

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regret that the large new edition of this book is not yet ready, owing to production delays.

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LITERATURE, &c.

"**ALL SOULS' DAY**", a brilliant essay on Anglo-German understanding by H. N. Brailsford, has been reprinted in an attractive form by the Friends' Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. (By kind permission of the author and of the New Statesman and Nation.) Price 2d. This would make an excellent alternative to a Christmas card.

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MEETINGS, &c.

CONCERT. Sun., Dec. 20, 3 p.m. Friends' Meeting House, Middle Mall, Hammersmith. Zonan String Quartet, Hadyn, Schubert, Zonan String Quartet, Haydn, Schubert, Friends' War Relief Service. District or Piccadilly to Hammersmith, Bridge Rd., to river, turn right north bank.

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